A low-angle photograph of the Statue of Liberty against a clear blue sky. The statue's right arm is raised high, holding the torch. The crown with its seven spikes is prominent. The statue's face is looking slightly to the right.

THE KIDS' OFFICIAL **STATUE** OF **LIBERTY** M A G A Z I N E

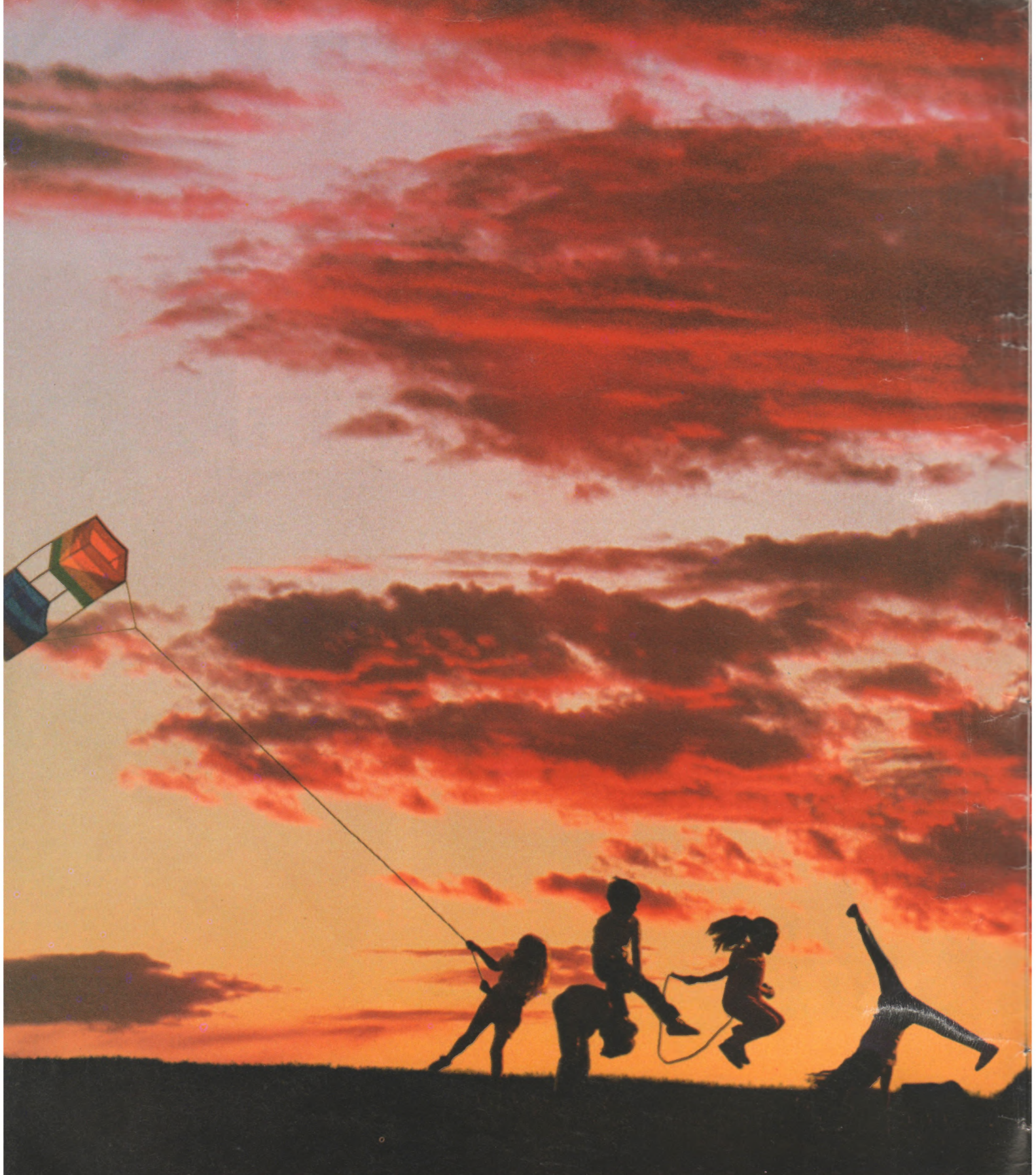


1986

\$1.95

**CELEBRATE
LIBERTY'S
BIRTHDAY!**

**KEEPSAKE SOUVENIR
JUST FOR KIDS!**



YOUR MOST PRECIOUS FREEDOM IS THE FREEDOM TO DREAM.



NOBODY UNDERSTANDS THAT BETTER THAN MATTEL.



Dear Reader,

You're invited to celebrate the birthday of America's most important lady! She stands for everything that makes this country great. She's the Statue of Liberty, and in October 1986, she'll be one hundred years old.

This magazine is a part of that celebration. When you read about the struggle to build her, and the way she became an American, you'll understand why she is our country's symbol of Hope, Promise, and Freedom today.

The statue has always been important to me. My father saw her when he came to America from Italy when he was only twelve years old. She was his first sight of this country. Her welcoming torch lit his way to a better life, just as it did for millions of other immigrants.

The Statue of Liberty is a part of our American family.

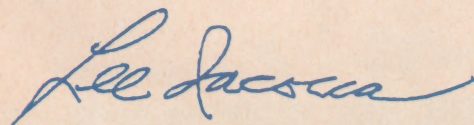
Over the years, though her light never dimmed, the arm that holds it grew weak. The statue badly needed repair. Her copper had to be cleaned, she needed new rivets to keep her strong, and a new framework to help her stand tall.

When the President asked me to lead the committee that's restoring her, of course I said yes. Being a part of this work has been a labor of love, and a way of honoring my parents.

I asked all Americans to help. And children really pitched in, just like the school kids in 1886 who helped build the statue. Kids today gave their all, selling everything from potato chips and jelly beans, to hamsters and worms. They recycled cans, made quilts and candles, and wrote songs. In fact, the idea of Liberty inspired great ideas in schools and communities from Florida to Alaska.

So this magazine is dedicated to all of them—all of you. Because thanks to you, the Lady is going to have the best birthday party the world has ever seen! And a hundred more!

Sincerely,



Lee A. Iacocca

Chairman

The Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Foundation Inc.

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*"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming
shore.
Send these, the homeless,
tempest-tost to me.
I lift my lamp beside the gold door!"*

From "The New Colossus"
by Emma Lazarus

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THE KIDS' OFFICIAL STATUE OF LIBERTY MAGAZINE

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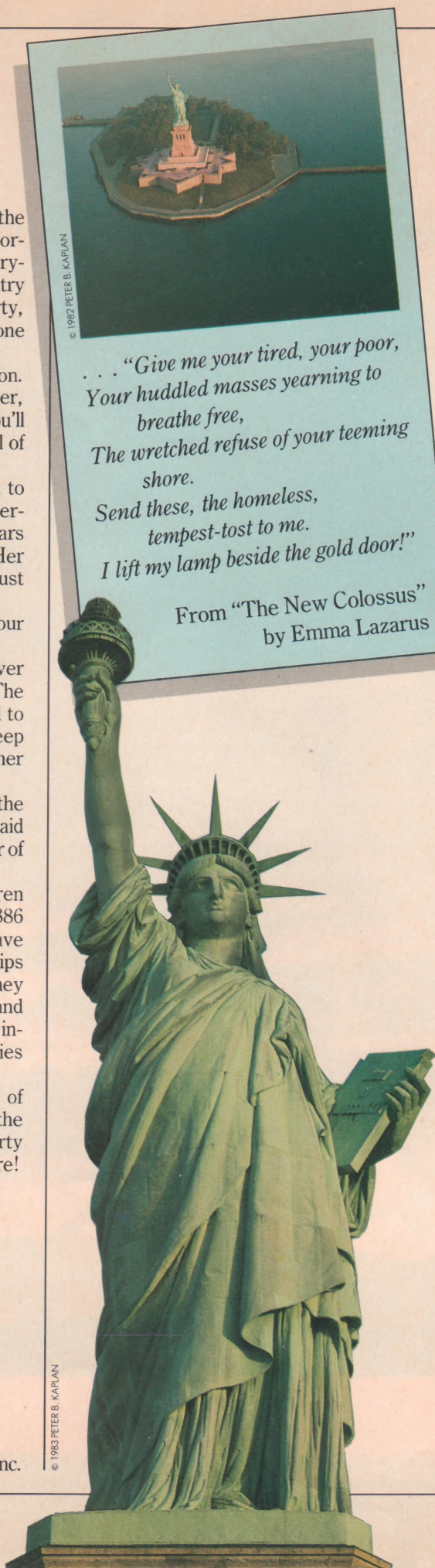
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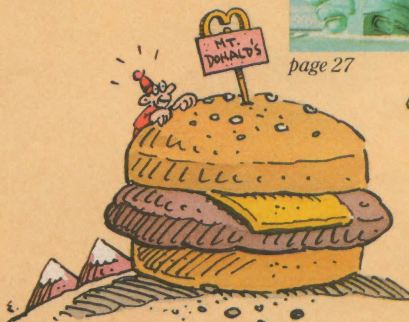


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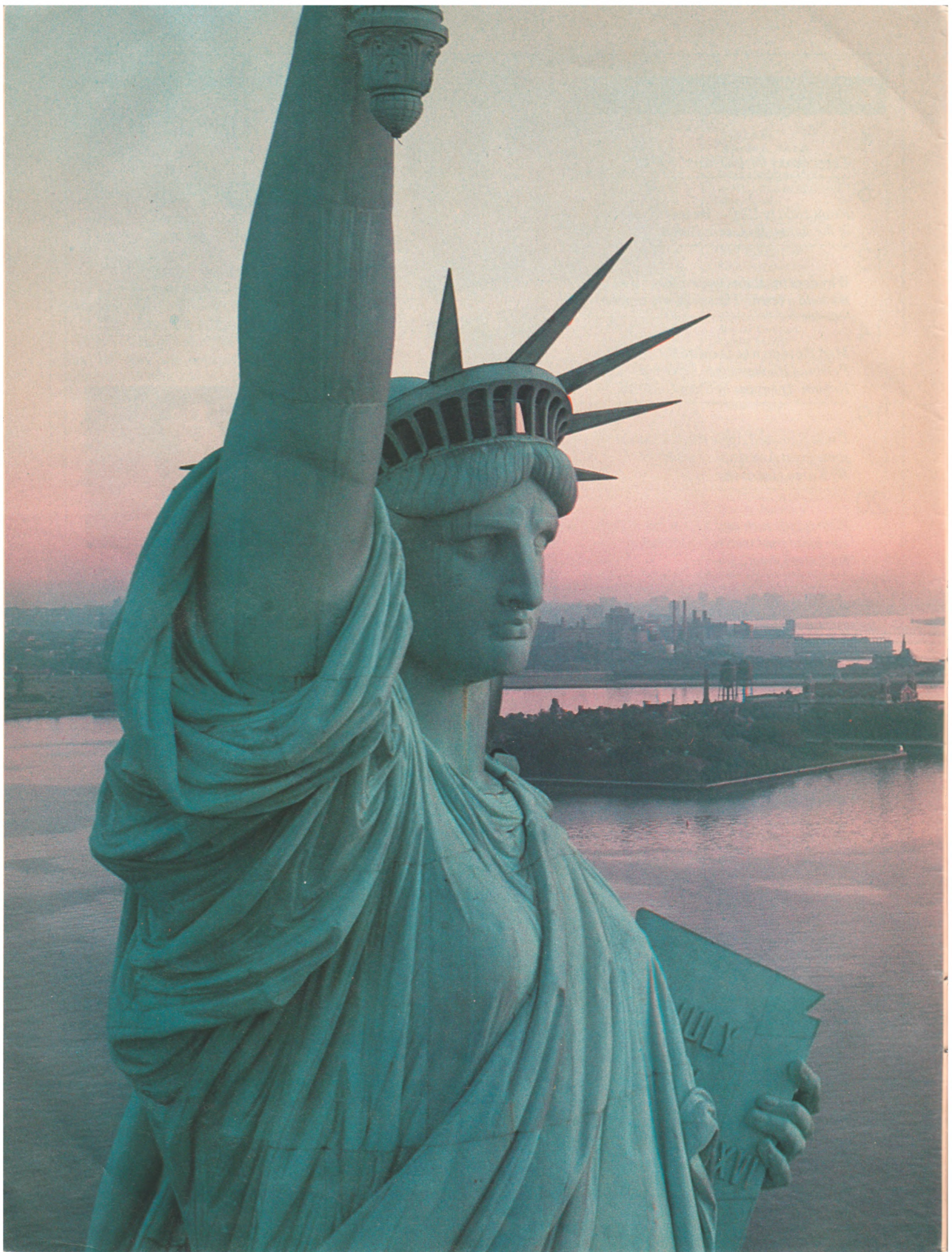


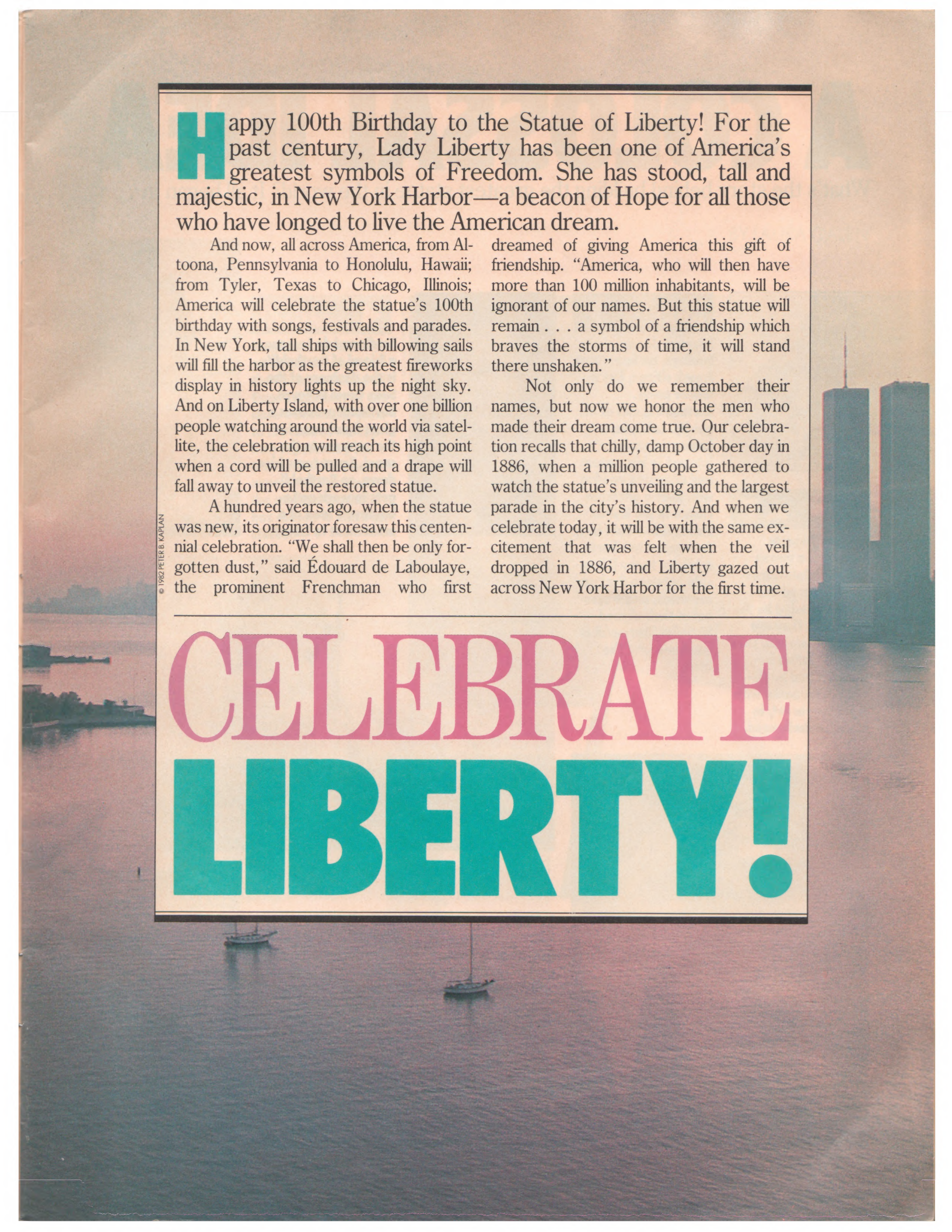
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Happy 100th Birthday to the Statue of Liberty! For the past century, Lady Liberty has been one of America's greatest symbols of Freedom. She has stood, tall and majestic, in New York Harbor—a beacon of Hope for all those who have longed to live the American dream.

And now, all across America, from Altoona, Pennsylvania to Honolulu, Hawaii; from Tyler, Texas to Chicago, Illinois; America will celebrate the statue's 100th birthday with songs, festivals and parades. In New York, tall ships with billowing sails will fill the harbor as the greatest fireworks display in history lights up the night sky. And on Liberty Island, with over one billion people watching around the world via satellite, the celebration will reach its high point when a cord will be pulled and a drape will fall away to unveil the restored statue.

A hundred years ago, when the statue was new, its originator foresaw this centennial celebration. "We shall then be only forgotten dust," said Édouard de Laboulaye, the prominent Frenchman who first

dreamed of giving America this gift of friendship. "America, who will then have more than 100 million inhabitants, will be ignorant of our names. But this statue will remain . . . a symbol of a friendship which braves the storms of time, it will stand there unshaken."

Not only do we remember their names, but now we honor the men who made their dream come true. Our celebration recalls that chilly, damp October day in 1886, when a million people gathered to watch the statue's unveiling and the largest parade in the city's history. And when we celebrate today, it will be with the same excitement that was felt when the veil dropped in 1886, and Liberty gazed out across New York Harbor for the first time.

**CELEBRATE
LIBERTY!**

A COLOSSAL IDEA

What's the story behind building the greatest statue in the world? It all began in . . .



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

1865



Édouard de Laboulaye, an important French citizen, has a dinner party. Bartholdi is one of his guests. Laboulaye knows the sculptor's interest in big statues and discusses an idea with him: a gift from France to the United States that would be a monument to Liberty, a tribute to the friendship between the two countries, and a symbol of their shared histories. Bartholdi is intrigued with the idea.

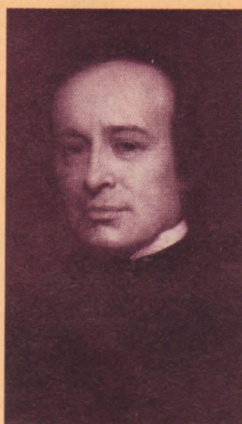
1856



Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, a young French sculptor, travels to Egypt where he's astounded by the Pyramids. They are big. They are old. They make a lasting impression and he becomes fascinated with bigness—in art, in ideas, in challenges.



MUSÉE BARTHOLDI, COLMAR



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

1867



Ferdinand de Lesseps, a friend of Bartholdi's, is the designer of the Suez Canal in Egypt. Bartholdi proposes a giant lighthouse for the entrance to the canal. Egypt turns him down, so Bartholdi gets to work on Laboulaye's idea of a monument to Liberty.



MUSÉE BARTHOLDI, COLMAR



MUSÉE BARTHOLDI, COLMAR

1871



Laboulaye sponsors Bartholdi's first trip to America. As the sculptor enters New York Harbor, he sees Bedloe's Island and thinks it is the perfect spot for a statue of Liberty. He makes watercolor sketches to take back to France. As he travels all over America, he spreads his enthusiasm for the project taking shape in his mind. He believes that a monumental statue is well suited to this country because, as he writes home, "Everything in America is big . . . here, even the peas are big."

1875 SEPT.



Bartholdi, having returned to Paris, completes his final model of the statue, entitled "Liberty Enlightening the World." Fund-raising begins and the money for the statue comes from the people of France, not the French government. American money is needed to build the pedestal.

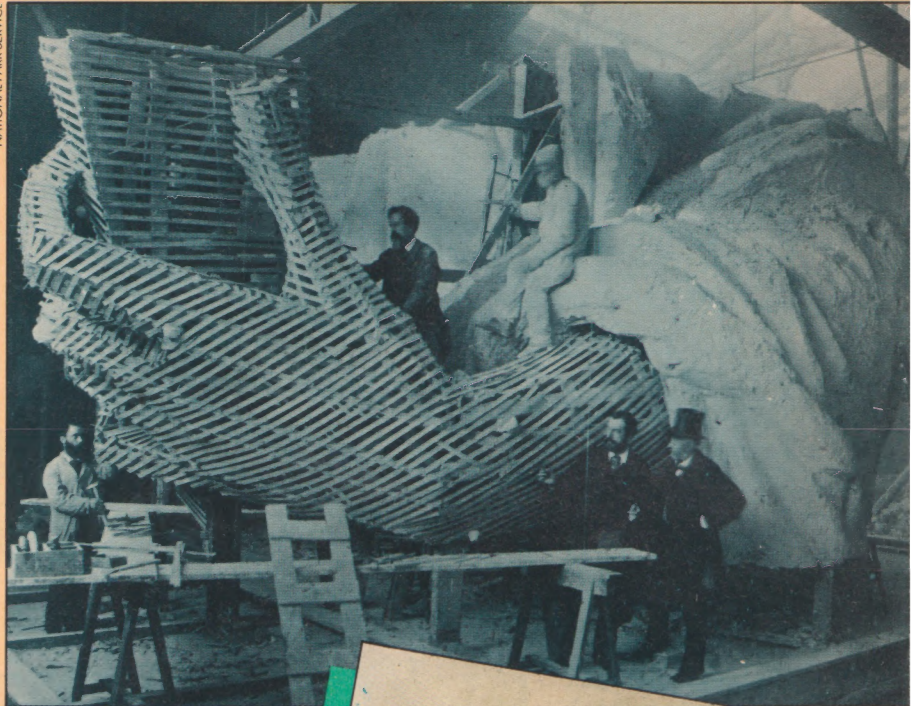
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

BY LAURA GALEN

1875 NOV. ▶

Workers start constructing the torch in the Paris workshop of Gaget, Gauthier et Cie. Here's Bartholdi (next to the man in the top hat) supervising the craftsmen. They are experts at repoussé—the method Bartholdi has chosen to build his statue.

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

1876 ◀

The torch is completed and sent to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. Bartholdi hopes not only to celebrate the United States' centennial, but also to stir American interest in the statue.

1877 ▶

The torch is moved to Madison Square Park in New York City. It stays there until 1885, as a promise of her future greatness and as a reminder that money is needed to build her pedestal.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



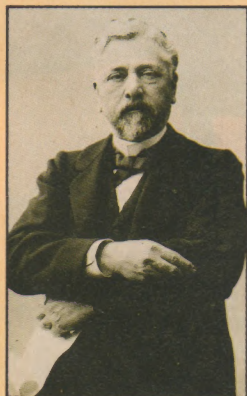


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

1878



The head is finished and brought to the Paris Exhibition by a team of 12 horses. Money from admission to the head goes toward funding the statue's completion. Gaget, Gauthier et Cie also raises money by selling terra-cotta statuettes, called "gadgets."



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

1882



The statue is completed up to the waist. Bartholdi holds a dinner party in her knee!

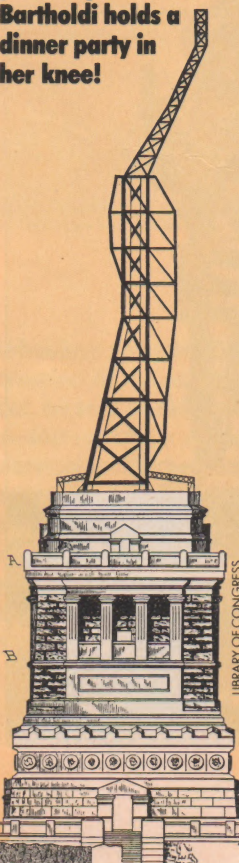
1879



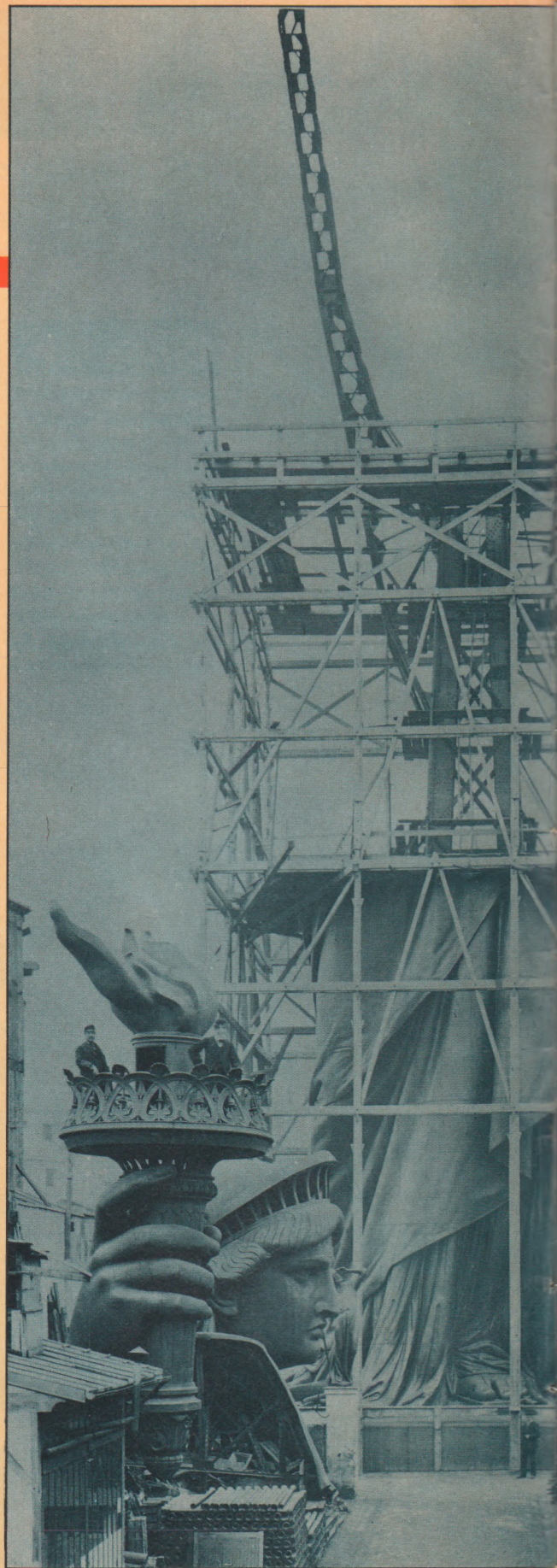
Alexandre-Gustave Eiffel becomes the engineer for the colossus. He designs a metal frame skeleton for her, a revolutionary concept for the time. Ten years later he builds —you guessed it— the Eiffel Tower.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS





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1884 JUNE ▲

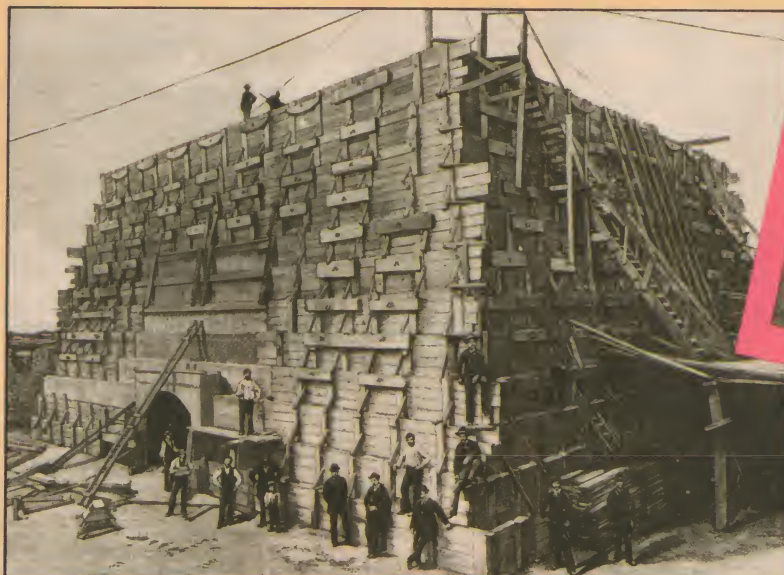
The statue is finished! It towers above the streets of Paris.



NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

1885 MARCH ◀

Cleveland, Philadelphia, Boston, and San Francisco offer to take the statue. These cities claim *their* citizens will pay for her pedestal. New Yorkers will not hear of it. Joseph Pulitzer, publisher of the New York newspaper, *The World*, starts a campaign to raise money for the pedestal. His paper prints the name of every donor. Eighty percent of the money donated is in amounts less than \$1. And a lot of it comes from kids!



NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

1884 AUGUST ▲

The design for a pedestal is completed by an American architect, Richard Morris Hunt. The cornerstone is laid, with a box inside that contains the history of the statue and other information. That box is still hidden in the cornerstone! Then, work is stopped because of a lack of funds.

1885 MAY ▲

The statue is dismantled in Paris and put into crates. The eyes and nose fill one crate. The forehead is in another. A total of 214 statue-stuffed boxes are loaded aboard the ship *Isère*, headed for America.

CHRISTIAN KEMPF/MUSÉE BARTHOLDI, COLMAR



1885 JUNE ▶

After a stormy trip, the *Isère* arrives in New York Harbor. She is given a warm welcome, but the pedestal won't be ready for a year. Meanwhile, the statue waits in crates on Bedloe's Island.



1886 OCTOBER ▼

On October 28, a nautical salute, street parades, and a special ceremony on Bedloe's Island celebrate the statue's unveiling. Bartholdi accidentally unveils the statue in the middle of a speech, way ahead of schedule. Women are not allowed at the ceremony, so a group of them protest on a boat nearby. They shout that Liberty would be shocked to learn that neither French nor American women had the right to vote.

1886 JULY ▼

The statue is put back together on Bedloe's Island. On July 12, the first rivet is tapped into place. It is called Bartholdi. The second is called Pulitzer. The statue will be finished in October.

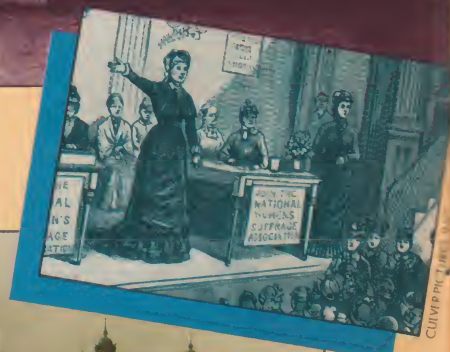


1886 NOVEMBER

On November 1, there is a great fireworks display, delayed four days because of rain.

1892 ▶

Ellis Island, near the Statue of Liberty, becomes the nation's major immigration center. The building burns down a few years later, but is rebuilt.



1903

A poem dedicated to the statue, written by Emma Lazarus, is put onto a bronze tablet and installed at the base of the statue. The inspiring words had helped to raise money for the pedestal.



CUVIER PICTURES, INC.



DAN CORNISH/STO PHOTOGRAPHICS, INC.

1924

The Statue of Liberty is declared a National Monument by President Coolidge.

1936

It's her 50th birthday! The entire country celebrates.

1908

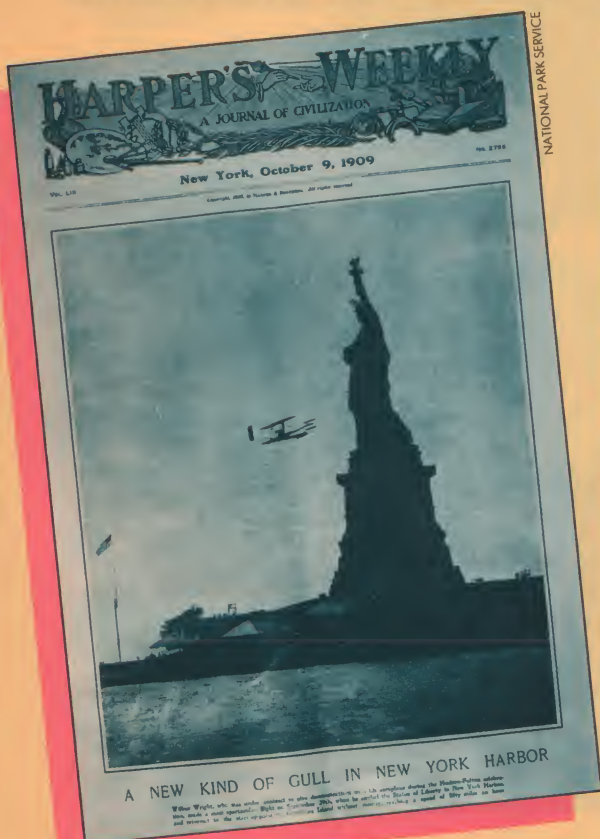
Wilbur Wright, one of the Wright brothers, circles the statue in his airplane, reaching a speed of 50 miles an hour. He does it for the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, which commemorates both the discovery of New York Bay by Henry Hudson and Robert Fulton's invention of the steamship.

1916

A new torch is put into place. It is made of glass instead of the original copper. Gutzon Borglum, who later sculpts Mount Rushmore, is the designer.

1947

Red lipstick is being worn by women all over America, but it's also being used to scribble the names of loved ones inside the statue! To prevent graffiti, the inside is given a special coating of lipstick-proof paint.



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

1917

The statue appears on posters throughout World War I to help raise money for the war effort.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

1954

A candidate for the United States Senate proposes that a second Statue of Liberty be built for Honolulu. The idea never gets anywhere.

1954

Ellis Island is closed. Over 17 million immigrants have passed through on their way to new lives. They are remembered in a museum that opens at Liberty's base.

1956

Bedloe's Island is renamed Liberty Island by President Eisenhower.

1965

The Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island are declared National Parks by President Johnson.

1976

A parade of tall ships in New York Harbor celebrates America's 200th anniversary. The statue stars in the Bicentennial Celebration.



BURT GUINN/MAGNUM

1982

A centennial commission for the restoration of the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island is formed to raise money for repairs. Lee Iacocca is chairman.



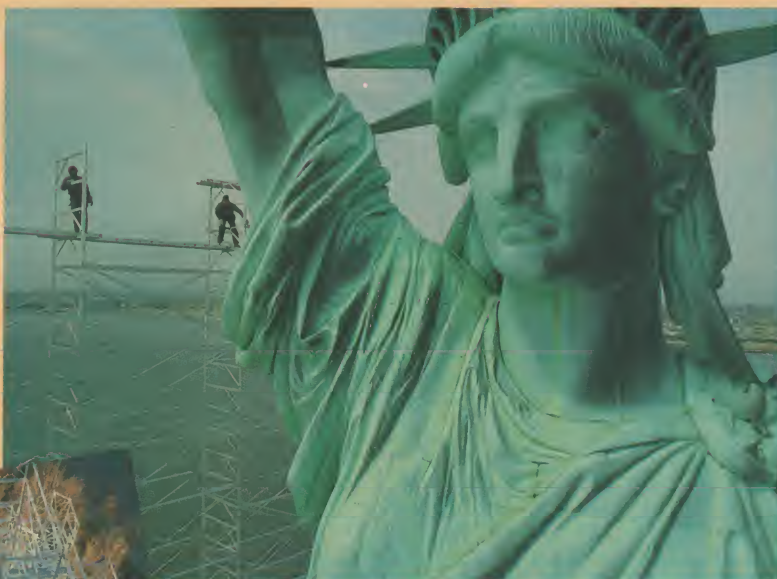
© 1984 PETER B. KAPLAN

1983

Statue restoration begins. The copper is given a thorough cleaning. A new torch is designed and built, using the same method that Bartholdi used. The metal frame skeleton is strengthened. New computer-controlled lighting is put inside and outside of the statue. Repairs and improvements are made in her crown.

1986

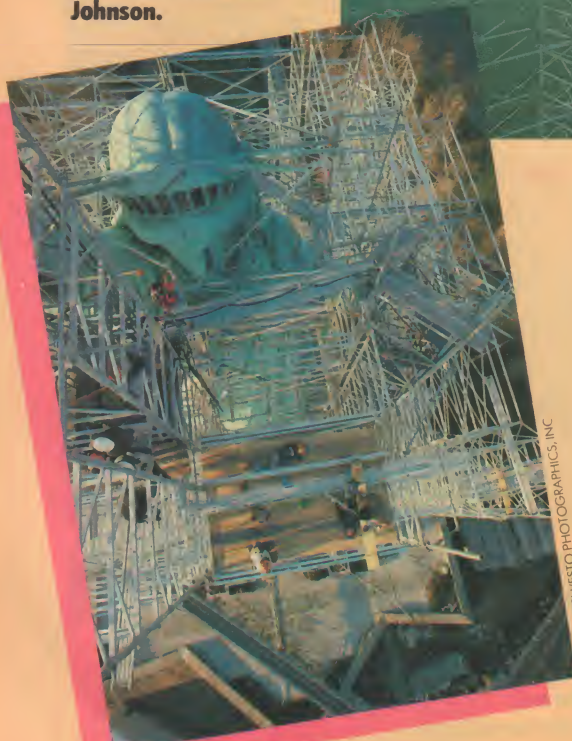
The statue's 100th birthday is celebrated all across the nation. She is ready for another 100 years!



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DAN CORNISH/STO PHOTOGRAPHICS, INC.

ONE DAY, IN BARTHOLDI'S STUDIO

The master sculptor put thought and meaning into every part of his statue. Here are some of his ideas for 'Liberty Enlightening the World.'



LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

~ MAKE THE STATUE A WOMAN BECAUSE
THE SYMBOL FOR LIBERTY HAS ALWAYS
BEEN A WOMAN. WOMEN OFTEN REPRESENT
GREAT IDEAS. ~ THE TORCH IS A SYMBOL OF
FREEDOM. IT LIGHTS THE WAY FOR PEOPLE WHO
LOVE LIBERTY. ~ THE SEVEN RAYS OF HER CROWN
WILL ENLIGHTEN THE SEVEN SEAS AND THE SEVEN
CONTINENTS. ~ USE MOTHER, CHARLOTTE, AS
A MODEL FOR HER FACE. MOTHER'S FACE SHOWS
STRENGTH AND SUFFERING ~ MODEL THE
STATUE'S ARMS AFTER MY FIANCEE'S BEAUTIFUL
ARMS. ~ GIVE HER CLOTHES FROM ANCIENT
GREECE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF DEMOCRACY. ~
MAKE HER WALK FORWARD TO SHOW HER PROGRESS
TOWARD FREEDOM. ~ THE DATE OF AMERICAN
INDEPENDENCE ~ JULY 4, 1776 ~ WILL BE ON THE
TABLET. ~ THE BROKEN CHAINS AT HER
FEET WILL SHOW HER ESCAPING BONDAGE.
~ MAKE HER REALLY HUGE!
~ LIBERTY IS A BIG IDEA.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE LADY'S PHOTOGRAPHER **FOCUS ON LIBERTY**

INTERVIEW BY STACY COCHRAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER B. KAPLAN



By mounting a camera on a 17-foot pole, Peter gets some of his best photographs, like the one opposite, his personal favorite.

Peter B. Kaplan is no ordinary photographer. After years of work and devotion, he has earned the special title of the “Lady’s Photographer.” That’s because his subject is no ordinary model. The Lady, of course, is the Statue of Liberty.

Peter’s been taking photos of the statue for three years. She’s his favorite (and biggest) model. From the tip of her crown to her big toe, he has clicked his shutter, recording the great Lady from top to bottom.

Before his work on the statue, Peter had already completed rather amazing feats, like climbing atop the World Trade Center and the Brooklyn Bridge to take photos. How does he do it? And *why* does he do it? We just had to find out.

Stacy: How did you start a career in photography?

Peter: I began as a wedding and portrait photographer, but I decided what I

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Peter took the photo above while perched in the statue's torch. Opposite: After taking a rest on her big toe, Peter stood next to the statue's left foot to get this view of New York City.

really wanted to do was take pictures of wildlife. One of my first assignments was tracking the California condor and taking photos. I've been to Africa six times for various magazines, following lowland gorillas and shooting pictures of other animals there. For *Life Magazine*, I had one of my greatest adventures. I climbed into three different bald eagles' nests, with baby eagles in them. But they didn't mind my being there. It was a super thrill! And I got some great pictures!

Stacy: How far will you go to get a great photograph?

Peter: Well, I just take pictures of what fascinates me. And if something fascinates me, I'll do anything to get the greatest pictures of it.

Stacy: Why did you start taking pictures of tall structures?

Peter: I call them "urban wilderness" photos. I started doing them when I moved to New York City. The World Trade Center was still being built then. When I first saw it, I was just amazed; it was so big! I just had to take pictures of it! I went to the top, and tried shooting from the Observation Deck. But that didn't capture the enormity—the grandness. So I finally got permission to go up on the antenna, way way up. I got some great pictures. I used a pole, with a camera attached on the end of it, to get the sense of height. It worked!

I've climbed atop the Empire State Building and have the top light bulb as a souvenir. I've also taken pictures on the Chrysler Building and on top of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Oh, and I got married on top of the Empire State Building. What a wedding! What a view!

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Peter looks at home in this photo, even though he's over 200 feet above the ground.

Stacy: How did you get started on the statue?

Peter: I started before reconstruction began, climbing every inch of her, inside and out. I've been *in* the left index finger that holds the tablet up, right up to the second knuckle—that's how big she is! I've even photographed the rust inside her fingernail.

I was right up there while they were building the scaffolding. There were no elevators, no steps. You had to climb the scaffold like a big jungle gym.

Sometimes I've even camped out with my assistants. We bring special boots with steel plates in the bottom so nails don't go into our feet, hard hats, safety belts, two cameras, twelve lenses, a tripod, a pole which I still use for lots of pictures, and film for 1,500 pictures. We take pictures late

into the night or early in the morning. It's beautiful to crawl into your sleeping bag, and lie there, looking up! The statue is high above you, and all of Manhattan is at your feet.

I bring my bird with me sometimes, a parrot named Kasuku, which means parrot in Swahili. He's traveled with me all over the United States, and loves adventures. He's made friends with the cats and dog who live on the island.

Stacy: What's it like high up on Lady Liberty?

Peter: Beautiful. The torch sways a lot in the wind. And she breathes! I've climbed many, many antennae and tops of buildings, many bridges, but none of them are built like this. Because of the way she is built, the copper can move, expanding and contracting. It's as if she really *is* breathing.

Stacy: Do you have to be a mountain climber before you can scale heights like that?

Peter: No. I was a photographer that got interested in climbing buildings. But I'm not a daredevil. I don't take chances. It's not just that we could hurt ourselves, but we've also got to think about the people below us. If we drop a lens or a roll of film from a thousand feet up, and hit somebody in the head, it is going to give them a terrible headache. I don't want to be responsible for anybody's headaches.

Stacy: Have you ever fallen?

Peter: The only time I've ever hurt myself was when I was photographing a wedding. I was standing on a chair to get a photo of the wedding table, and the chair collapsed underneath me. I broke my arm, my camera, and my lights!

Stacy: How do you feel about the Statue of Liberty?

Peter: I think this is probably one of the best symbols and statues in the world. I've taken thousands and thousands of photos of her, and I wish I had twice as many.

Stacy: Do you ever get tired of shooting the same statue?

Peter: No. Never. There's always something new to see. She's a beauty, my very favorite model. □

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★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★BY KAREN HARRISON★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★



STEP-BY-STEP S

If Bartholdi did it, you can do it, too! Follow this step-by-step plan to build your own personal Statue of Liberty! Start by clearing out your backyard and brushing up on your French. Invite a few friends over for dinner to talk about Liberty—after all, this is the way it was done 100 years ago.



1. First, make a one-quarter-size model of the statue, about 38 feet tall. You can sculpt it in clay or mashed potatoes, but plaster works best. Use your mom as the model. Bartholdi did.



2. Measure the one-quarter-size model—every angle and curve—and plot the dimensions on graph paper. You'll need a few miles of graph paper—well, yards, anyway. Then multiply these measurements by four

and . . . voila! Now you'll know how big to make the real statue's "armature," the wooden frame that you'll begin with. When that's done, cover the wood with plaster and sculpt the fine details by hand.



3. Make sure the backyard is free for about ten years before you do anything else. It might take that long to finish your statue. Now you must build wooden "reverse" molds. They're called "reverse" molds because they fit the *outside* of your big plaster statue. They must be an *exact* fit—like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.



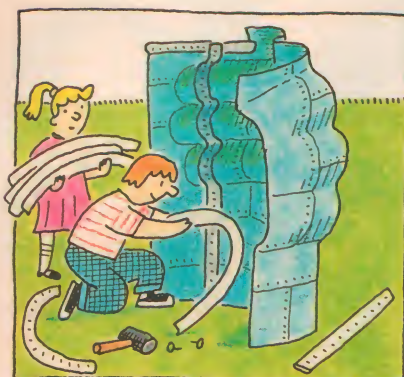
4. Now buy 200,000 pounds of copper. You may need to get an advance on your allowance for this. Bartholdi got his free from a pot and pan company, but you might not be so lucky. Hammer the copper onto the wooden "reverse" molds. This is called *repoussé*, shaping from the inside out. If you tried to hammer the copper onto the plaster molds, the plaster would break. So do it on the wood, because it's stronger.



5. Working with huge sheets of copper would be difficult, so separate the copper into 300 sections. Shape the statue piece by piece. Then you can put the sections together with copper rivets that look something like big nails. You'll need 300,000 of these. Get your brother or sister to help. Tell them they'll be invited to the 100th birthday party of your statue.

TATUE

BY BETSY LOREDO
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BLOOM



6. The copper won't be strong enough to stand alone in the wind—after all, it's only about as thick as three pennies—so you'll first have to reinforce it with iron bars inside. They'll act like ribs, to help keep the statue's copper in the right shape.



7. Get a friend to help build her skeleton, a huge steel framework of bars that cross and join. Someone who knows about bridges and skyscrapers is best. Leave plenty of room for the stairs inside. Now you must attach the copper to the skeleton using metal strips. They'll run from the iron ribs (on the back of the copper) to the skeleton. You'll probably need scaffolding and a few cranes.



8. Now you've done it! Hire a band and have a party! She's big! She's beautiful! And unless your mom

doesn't mind a colossus in your backyard, you'd better find an island somewhere to put her. □

ATRIP TO THE STATUE IN... 1886

BY RICHARD
CHEVAT



This steam-powered ferry took visitors to the statue from Battery Park in New York City. At right, a family in 1886 gets a breathtaking view from the tallest man-made structure in America.

Imagine you're going to visit the Statue of Liberty. What would you see? You'd see the skyscrapers of Manhattan, the twin towers of the World Trade Center, bridges, tugboats, and huge tankers in the harbor. Now, imagine that you're visiting the statue and it's one hundred years ago. What would you have seen in 1886, the year it opened?

Let's start our imaginary trip by getting dressed. If you're a boy, you might wear a sporty sailor suit with knickers—pants that stop at the knee. If you're a girl, you'll first put on your silk petticoats, and then a heavy dress. Girls don't wear pants in 1886. Your shoes will be buttoned boots that reach above your ankles. And don't forget your hat—everybody wears one. You won't forget your camera because you probably don't have one. They're extremely rare in 1886.

How do you get to the statue, now that you're ready to go? The car hasn't been invented yet so you'll take the bus or trolley—but they'll both be pulled by horses. Or for five cents you can ride on an elevated train, the "El." It runs on raised tracks high above the ground, and is pulled by steam locomotives.

Let's say your father takes you to

catch the ferry to Bedloe's Island—it won't be called Liberty Island for many years. He takes you in the family carriage, also pulled by a horse. As you ride through Manhattan, you pass streets jammed with horse-drawn wagons and pushcarts. Your ears are filled with the clatter of iron-covered wheels and horses' hooves. You hear the shouts of the peddlars buying and selling. If you listen carefully, you can hear people speaking a dozen different languages.



Then you finally arrive at the tip of Manhattan, called the Battery. In the park is Castle Garden, where immigrants are processed before being allowed to come to America. (In six more years, this building will become an aquarium, and Ellis Island will be the new immigration center.) You can see mounds of clothes and rags, which have been thrown away by newly-arrived immigrants. They have been given new *American* clothes by their friends and relatives welcoming them to the U.S.

Just to the south of Battery Park, you board a steam-powered ferry. The harbor is filled with sailing ships of all sizes. There are also steamships loaded with new immigrants from Europe. There are fishermen pulling up their nets with the day's catch. And many people are fishing off the piers.

On the ferry, you get the best view of the statue. In 1886 she is shiny and copper colored. It will take twenty-five years for the copper to turn green.

As you get closer to Bedloe's Island, you see that most of the island is an army base. In fact, you notice the statue itself was built on top of old Fort Wood, which was built 74 years ago to protect New York in the War of 1812. There is also a bath house, and people are swimming in the harbor. The swimmers wear big bathing suits made out of heavy wool. The girl's suits are long dresses over bloomers, and the boys are wearing one-piece outfits with pants that reach their ankles.

Finally, you arrive at the base of the statue. You might want to rest before your climb to the top. You've never even heard of an elevator (it hasn't been invented) so you're going to have to walk *all* the way up, *all* 338 steps. Then there are rungs to climb because now, in 1886, you can go up into her torch as well.

Once you've made it to the torch—if you make it!—you can walk outside on the balcony. Now you have the best view of the city because, at 305 feet, the statue is the tallest structure around. What can you see from up there? Well, there's the Brooklyn Bridge. It's only three years old, and soars into the air just 23 feet shorter than the statue. And there's Trinity Church by Wall Street. It's easy to see because all the build-



Visitors were allowed up to the torch until 1916.

ings in the city are less than ten stories tall.

Lower Manhattan is covered by low buildings, walk-up tenements, factories, and warehouses. And if you look north, you'll see farms! That's right, there are still farms in Manhattan. Looking east, you see the city of Brooklyn and more farms. To the west is Jersey City and—you guessed it—more farms.

Now you're almost done with your visit. If you're hungry after walking up and down all those stairs, you can stop for a bite to eat at the Liberty Restaurant. You can get a whole meal—but it may cost as much as ten cents!

A lot has changed since your trip in 1886. But one thing is still the same: A hundred years later, the statue is still standing in New York Harbor. Now, let's imagine a trip to the statue in 2086 . . . □





STATUE OF LIBERTY CENTENNIAL

1886-1986

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AMERICAN PRIDE

BY KATY DOBBS

AS OUR COUNTRY comes together this year to celebrate Liberty, we asked five well-known Americans to share with us a moment when they felt proud to be an American.



SALLY RIDE

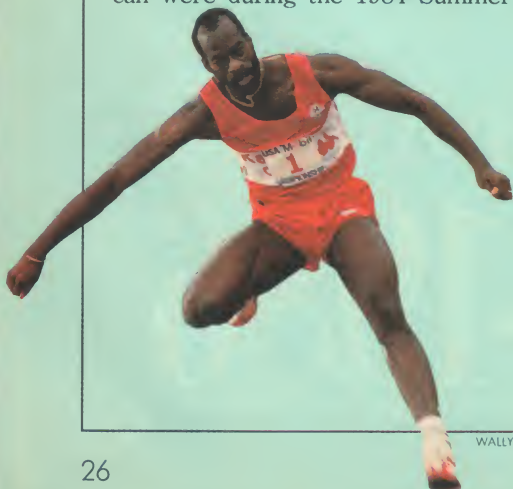
Selected by NASA as an astronaut in 1978, Sally Ride made history in 1984 as the first American woman to go into space. She orbited the earth for six days on the space shuttle Challenger.

"There's no one particular moment that stands out. I'm *always* proud to be an American."

EDWIN MOSES

Edwin Moses holds the world record of 47.02 seconds in the 400-meter hurdles, and won Olympic gold medals for this event in 1976 and 1984. He hasn't lost a race since 1977—one of the greatest sports records of all time.

"My proudest moments as an American were during the 1984 Summer



Olympics—I'll never forget the vibrations and spirit of the crowd. I was honored to be chosen to recite the Athlete's Oath at the ceremony. But my proudest moment was on the victory stand as a representative of the United States, when I received the gold medal at the largest sporting event ever held in this country."

STEVIE WONDER

Since he was eleven years old, Stevie Wonder has been singing and writing number one hits. This master musician has won fourteen Grammy Awards and is in the Songwriter's Hall of Fame.

"I believe one of our greatest Americans was Dr. Martin Luther King. And I'm very proud, as an American, to have helped make his birthday a



holiday for *all* Americans. Somewhere, Dr. King is smiling. I know he would appreciate that his birthday will forever be a day when people will celebrate love, peace, and unity."

CHRIS EVERT LLOYD

Chris Evert Lloyd has been a dominant force in women's tennis for over a decade. Ms. Lloyd was ranked number one for five consecutive years, and never ranked below number two since she has played professional tennis.

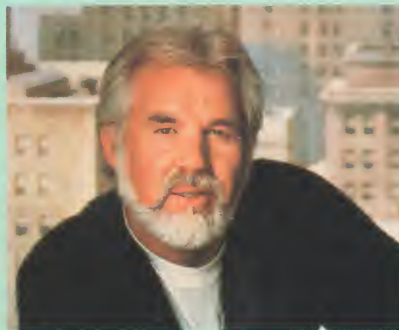
"I've played tennis all over the world, and it's always when I'm travelling that I feel most proud to be an Ameri-

can. To me, being an American has always meant the freedom to be or do anything I want. When I'm in places that don't have that kind of freedom, I realize that what I have here is pretty special. I travel a lot, so there are many moments when I'm proud to be an American."

KENNY ROGERS

As one of the most popular performers in America, Kenny Rogers has won every major music award possible for his recordings, and as an entertainer. Also, Mr. Rogers received the United Nations Peace Award in 1984.

"I'm especially proud every time I can use the advantages I have as a citizen to help the worlds' hungry and homeless. One opportunity was the 1984 Food Drive, when my concert audiences donated over 2 million pounds of canned goods. Another is the World Hunger Media Awards, which I sponsor with my wife Marianne. The highlight of last year was my role as a member of USA for Africa—joining the great stars who sang "We Are the World" was the most exciting experience of my entire life. I'm proud to have been involved in these events. I'm even prouder to have seen the incredible response to them from other Americans." □



MARIO CASILLI

FOCUS ON SPORTS

MONUMENTAL *Memories* LADY LIBERTY'S SCRAPBOOK



▶ This Statue of Liberty eraser is great for monumental mistakes. But she may not last 100 years!



THE BETMANN ARCHIVE

▲ This neon lady carried a cone instead of a torch. She welcomed visitors to the Liberty Café in New York.

▶ This actress of the 1880s got noticed when she portrayed herself as an understudy for Lady Liberty.

▼ Foam crowns are the latest in statue souvenirs which honor Liberty's 100th birthday. One size fits all—humans, that is, not statues.



ERIK LANDSBERG/NPS

Our favorite lady has inspired songs, paintings, poems, sculptures, and just about anything you can imagine!

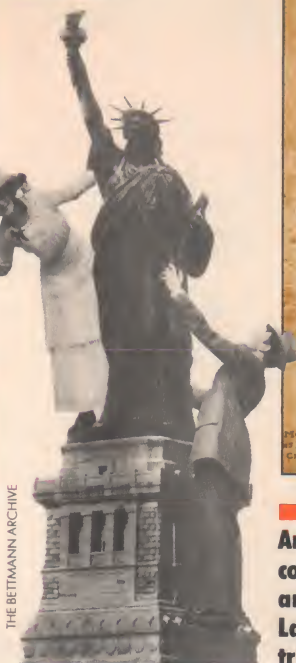
▲ While our boys were "over there" during World War I, Liberty was helping raise money to support the war effort over here.

KATHY ROSENBLUM





Lady Liberty keeps up with the times. In this poster, artist Seymour Chwast turned the statue into a flapper of the 1920s. She looks good, but can she dance?



An unusually large couple plays hide-and-go-seek around Lady Liberty in this trick photograph.



When 18,000 soldiers have some time on their hands, they can do strange things—like forming this Statue of Liberty at Camp Dodge, in Des Moines, Iowa. Count 'em!



Liberty can take a licking and still come out on top. She's graced the faces of more stamps all over the world than any other American lady.



The American Express Company really knows how to throw a party! At a recent company bash, a scaled-down quintet of gold Liberties greeted the guests.

This chocolate version of the Lady is delicious at eight feet tall. Unfortunately, she won't be eaten in America—she was made in Spain and chocolate lovers there were the lucky ones!



What's big and green, small and green, and petite and pink? The Statue of Liberty, Kermit, and Miss Piggy!



The statue has brightened up labels both in this country and all over the world. She's

helped sell hair brushes, lawn mowers, castor oil, and soap. So why not pears?



Big and little kids all over the country love dressing up as Lady Liberty, and Unde Sam doesn't make a bad escort!

The statue made it to Broadway in 1946. She took center stage in the Irving Berlin musical extravaganza, "Miss Liberty."

This papier-mâché sculpture of the statue's head and torch was whipped up by college students in Madison, Wisconsin, one icy winter.



This weathervane was inspired by the restoration of the statue in 1984. When the wind blows, these little fellows go to work.



The excitement of her first official day in New York Harbor was captured 100 years ago by the artist Edward Moran in this famous portrait of the Lady.

When Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was invited to a masquerade ball, she came up with a bright idea. Her costume was called "The Electric Light," but it looks very similar to a familiar statue.



**Ellis Island once
bustled with activity.
Every ten seconds,
someone became a
new American.**




LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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ELLIS I · S · L · A · N · D

COMING TO AMERICA



It is sometime in the late 1800s. A group of people are standing in the market square of a small village in Europe. They are watching the man who delivers the mail. He's putting up a sign from America, a poster that describes wonderful jobs and streets "paved with gold"—things that sound like a fairy tale to people in a poor town. The promise in the poster is enough to make many sell all of their belongings and say goodbye to their friends. A few handfuls of coins and crumpled bills, saved bit by bit, are handed over to the steamship company in exchange for a ticket to America.

The immigrants who followed their dreams to America boarded ships that took them to Ellis Island, just beyond the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. An immigration center was built on this tiny island in 1897 to process the millions of Europeans, English, and Irish coming to the United States. Their ticket to America meant escape from the religious persecution, war, famine, or poverty at home. It was also a ticket to a land of dreams—dreams of freedom, wealth, and happiness.

After what seemed like an endless journey across the Atlantic, immigrants were ferried from their large passenger ships to Ellis Island. They carried everything they owned with them. Sometimes



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Women and children could not enter America alone. They had to be met by friends or relatives at Ellis Island.

ERIK LANDSBERG/NPS

INSPECTION CARD.

(Immigrants and Steerage Passengers.)

Port of Departure, GLASGOW. **Date of Departure,** 23 MAR 1912

Name of Ship, Rodang Bresnayan

Name of Immigrant, Mkoleff

Last residence, _____

Inspected and passed at _____	Passed at quarantine, port of _____
	Passed at Immigration Bureau, _____, U.S. port of _____ (Date.) _____ (Date.) _____

(The following to be filled in by ship's surgeon or agent prior to or after embarkation.)

Ship's list or manifest _____ **No. on ship's list or manifest,** _____

Berth No.	Ships-hip Inspection.	Day
1	◆	1
2	◆	2
3	◆	3
4	◆	4
5	◆	5
6	◆	6
7	◆	7
8	◆	8
9		9
10		10
11		11
12		12
13		13
14		14

To be purchased by ship's surgeon at official inspection.

A new museum of immigration will soon fill the Great Hall on Ellis, below, which has been empty for 20 years. These children arrived in 1900.

that would only be the clothes on their backs, or maybe a little bag wrapped in string to hold it shut.

They sat in the Great Hall amidst hundreds, sometimes thousands, of other new arrivals. Each person was given a tag with a number on it, and told to wait until called. Immigration officials yelled above the confusing babble of voices, gesturing frantically.

Somehow, in all the bustle and noise, people from nearby towns seemed to gravitate toward each other, making good friends during the long wait to be “processed.” Processing, which meant a medical exam and dozens of questions, sometimes took only a few hours. But if there was a problem, it could take days. And that’s why there were dormitories, dining rooms, a hospital, even a school and playgrounds on the island.

Everyone was fed, though the food was often strange to them. When bananas were served to the new arrivals, many who hadn't seen them before just didn't know how to eat them. With the peel or without? With salt and pepper? With a knife and fork?



JOHN SCHEIBER/THE STOCK MARKET

When an immigrant's number was called, he or she was herded into another room where a doctor tested them for diseases. Doctors were especially careful to look for signs of trachoma, an eye disease, and tuberculosis because these were very common and very infectious. Officials used chalk to mark the coats or shirts of people with diseases. A big "E" meant eye problems, an "H" meant heart disease, and an "X" meant dementia, or mental disorders.

If their coats were marked, chances were immigrants would be sent back to the Old Country. But if there was no mark, and if they could answer the officials' questions to prove they weren't deaf or mute, then the immigrants faced another test.

"Who paid for your trip?" "Do you have a job waiting for you?" "Can you read and write?" "How much money do you have?"

Questions like these were fired at the immigrants. Twenty-nine in all, and they had to be answered correctly in order to get into the United States. But most people passed every test—only about two percent had to board a boat to go back home. The families of those unlucky ones had to decide: do we return or go on to America?

Most immigrants were issued the landing passes to board ferries that carried them to a whole new life—the life that the posters back home had promised. Maybe it wouldn't be a fairy tale, but it *was* going to be an adventure story.

Between 1900 and 1920 alone, over two million immigrants walked over the floorboards of Ellis Island. On the busiest day of all—April 17, 1907—11,745 immigrants were processed! More than *half* of all Americans can trace their roots to the 17 million people who came through Ellis Island during its 60 years of service.

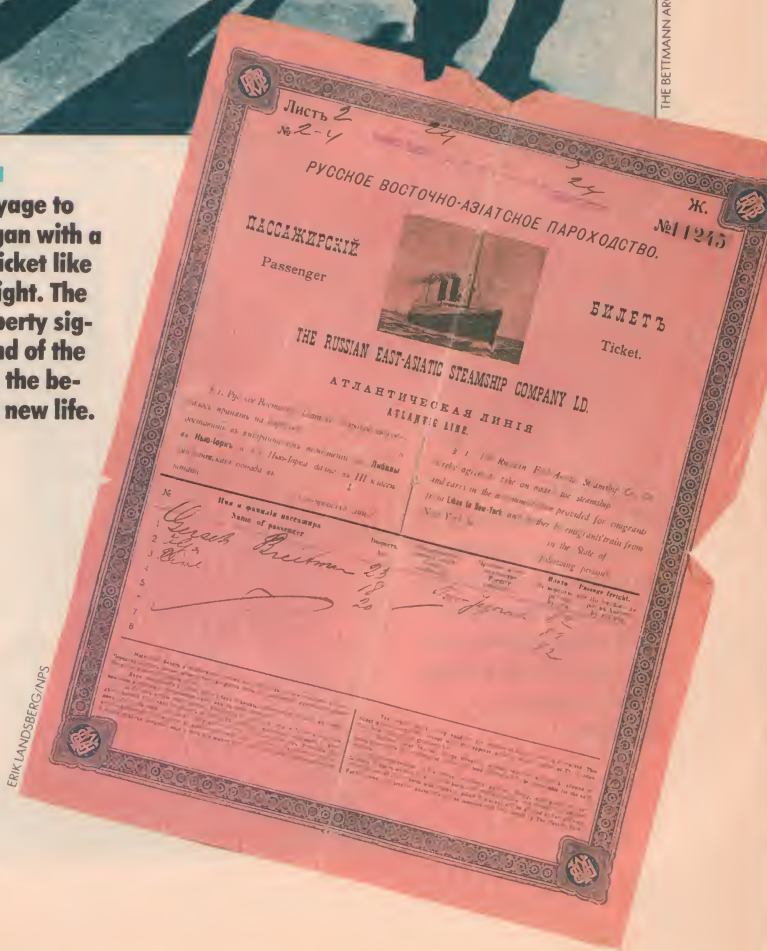
Immigration trickled to only a few thousand a year after the Great Depression, until Ellis Island closed its "Golden Door" in November 1954. Today, this National Monument is closed for repairs and restoration. In a few years, it will reopen as a new museum. Visitors will be able to walk through the halls and imagine that among all of those people, from all of those places, there was someone who belonged to them.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

The long voyage to America began with a passenger ticket like the one at right. The Statue of Liberty signaled the end of the journey and the beginning of a new life.

ERIK LANDSBERG/NPS



C·O·M·I·N·G T·O A·M·E·R·I·C·A

THREE WHO REMEMBER

INTERVIEWS BY RANDI HACKER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOUIS PSIHOYOS

DOUKENIE BACOS

Doukenie Bacos is 79 years old. She was only 15 when she came to America in 1922. She came from Kyrklisa, a very small town in Greece. Doukenie came because she wanted to make something out of her life. "Only in America will I be able to become somebody," she thought to herself.

Her father didn't want her to go. He said she was much too young to go so far all alone. For three days and three nights Doukenie begged him to let her leave, but he wouldn't hear of it.

Then she heard of a family who lived nearby who was going to America. She could travel with them, and she wouldn't be alone. So her father finally agreed.

Doukenie's uncle lived in America. He sent her a ticket and some money and wrote that she could live with him in New York.

After a couple of weeks at sea, the ship entered New York Harbor. As they sailed by the Statue of Liberty, Doukenie spoke quietly to her. She said, "Lady, you are just like a good stepmother. You open your arms and gather all the children. I hope you will let me go through to all the dreams in my heart."

Then she was taken to Ellis Island. There was a big hall and many people. Doukenie saw tears and happiness. "What if they send me back?" she wondered.

They kept her for three days. They wouldn't let her move in with her uncle because he wasn't a married man. But her uncle found a family that would let Doukenie stay with them, so she wasn't sent back.

Doukenie made a new life for herself in America. Today, she has four children, twelve grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren!



Doukenie Bacos, above, with her great-granddaughter, Christa. Ellis Island is in the background. At right, Doukenie with Greek friends in 1918 (third from left).



Louis Hacker, above, just a few weeks after he arrived in America. At right, Louis today with his granddaughter, Randi, and great-grandnephew, Michael.



LOUIS HACKER

When Louis Hacker was 17 years old, he told his father that he wanted to join his brothers in America. The year was 1913. His father took him to see the rabbi in the village in Poland where they lived. The rabbi advised Louis to learn to play the violin instead. The rabbi thought that if Louis studied the instrument, he might forget his crazy idea of leaving Poland.

"If after six months you still want to go to America, then we'll discuss it," said the rabbi.

So Louis studied the violin. Six months later, he still wanted to go. The rabbi gave his blessing for Louis to go to America.

With \$25 sewn into his pocket and a one-way boat ticket, Louis left.

At Ellis Island, he waited to be examined and questioned. While he was sitting in the Great Hall, a man came and sat by him.

"What do you do for a living?" asked the man in Yiddish.

"I'm a tailor," replied Louis.

"For men or ladies?" asked the man.

When Louis said "men" the man told him that this was no good. There was a strike among the men's tailors.

"Tell them you're a ladies' tailor or you'll never get into America," he said.

Later, when the immigration officials interviewed Louis, they asked him what he did for a living.

"I'm a tailor."

"Men's or ladies?" they asked.

"Ladies'," he said.

And he got into America, where he's still a tailor today! Louis has two grandchildren, and family all over the USA.

SHEILA McCARTHY

Sheila McCarthy was 26 years old when she left her home in County Cork, Ireland, for America. She was the youngest of ten children. Five of them already lived in America.

Sheila's trip to America was a long one, but she didn't care. She sailed with a young man and his sister, both friends of Sheila's family. The ship they were on, the *Bremen*, ran into fog. They had to drop anchor in



Sheila McCarthy with Patrick, the youngest of her four grandchildren.

Halifax Harbor in Canada for a few days. "I wanted it to last forever," said Sheila. Why? Well, that family friend turned out to be the man she would later marry. They had a wonderful time on board. "It was like a vacation," Sheila remembers.

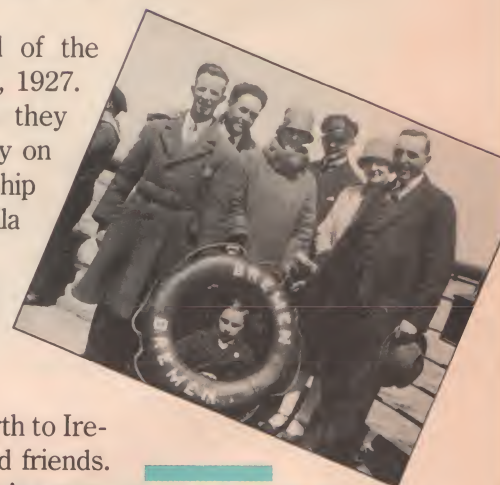
The first glimpse she had of the Statue of Liberty was on April 25, 1927. It was a clear, sunny day. As they slipped past the Lady, everybody on board rushed to one side of the ship to get a close look at her. Sheila thought the ship would tip over!

When they saw Ellis Island, she thought it "looked like a lot of old castles," reminding her of Ireland.

Sheila has sailed back and forth to Ireland nine times to visit family and friends. Each time she passes the statue, it's a moving experience; but "no sight is as thrilling as the first," on that sunny morning 58 years ago.

At 84 years of age, Sheila is still working three days a week. She has a son and four grandchildren.

"I will never regret coming to the United States. America has been good to me. This is a wonderful country." □



Standing behind the life preserver, above, Sheila poses with friends on her way to America in 1927.



What countries did your great-grandparents and/or grandparents come from? When?

What my grandmother/grandfather does for a living:

My mother/father grew up in:



How my parents met:

What my mother/father does for a living:

My most unusual relative is:


A picture of my family in the year:

On my favorite holiday, my family usually:

(Your family photograph goes here.)

Famous family stories and incidents:





BURT & BIJOU

A TRUE STORY
(KIND OF)



"Look!" Bijou motioned to Burt with her beak. "A Boy Scout troop!" Burt and Bijou, two medium-sized pigeons, sat on the shoulder of the Statue of Liberty, gazing down at the landing dock far below. They were excited. They had been waiting since sunrise for the tourist boats, all fat with passengers, to amble across the busy harbor to the island.

Burt and Bijou loved tourists, because tourists brought all sorts of wonderful delicacies for them to eat: broken bits of cookies, a leftover baloney sandwich, an apple core, popcorn, maybe a little taste of a candy bar, and their favorite—french fries from Mr. Hill's concession stand. A troop of Boy Scouts, Bijou thought to herself, always meant french fries.

The tourists would happily gather on benches to eat their snacks and toss food to the pigeons and sparrows that strutted and hopped around their feet. Sometimes children would tease the birds, throwing them scraps of paper or tinfoil, or scare them away with a sudden yell and a wave. But, mostly, the visitors were kind and polite.

One gentle old man with whiskers and crooked teeth came every day, just to feed

BY FRED
NEWMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY ANDREA
BARUFFI



Burt and Bijou liked the neighborhood. But they didn't exactly trust the old owl, or, for that matter, anyone who would sleep all day.

Burt and Bijou. They would perch beside him on the old green bench, and he would feed them bread crumbs as he laughed and told them stories. In fact, years before, it was the old man who had given them their names.

Bijou and Burt lived in a nest they built in a large, appealing curl, just behind the Statue of Liberty's left ear. Burt was particularly fond of the nest, a major engineering feat, he thought. Very few pigeons would venture so high. But the nest was protected in the curl and sheltered from the harsh sea winds.

Burt spotted the Boy Scout troop below, and with a little jump and a flutter, he was off, sailing downward in a graceful spiral toward the pier. He curved toward the deep, lettuce-green folds of the statue's right sleeve. There was the old owl who always slept during the day and flew mysteriously away at night. Burt and Bijou did not exactly trust the old owl, or, for that matter, anyone who would sleep all day. Some of the other birds said the owl would steal their babies in the night, so Burt liked to keep an eye on him. As he sailed past, the old owl opened one of his huge, dark eyes and gave Burt a long, slow, silent stare.

But Burt liked the neighborhood. He glided past the immense tablet the Statue of Liberty held in her hand. Two families of sparrows had built their homes in the letters of the tablet, and he could see young sparrows in the nests straining their necks and calling for their parents. For such tiny babies, he thought to himself, they certainly have big mouths.

He sailed downward, past Liberty's toes, where a new family of sea gulls was just building a nest. He turned, cut his speed, and glided over to the concession stand to check out the french fry situation.

High above Burt, tucked behind the curl, Bijou sat on two milk-white eggs that were about to hatch. She loved sitting quietly on eggs. She would daydream and watch the big boats push their way across the harbor. Their great whistles and hoots echoed over the water as small boats glided around them like little fish. And she loved the way the light played upon the great, gleaming towers of New York across the

water. Her cousin, who lived out of the city in the quieter suburbs of New Jersey, always chided her. "What's with the city?" he would say. "Life is so hard there. Come on out and live in the suburbs!" But Bijou liked it here. It was her family home.

Bijou felt the eggs beneath her move slightly. Her family had lived on the statue for many years, she thought. She had been told that a French magician, after falling on hard times in Europe, had sailed across the stormy Atlantic in a small boat to seek his fortune in America. His five trained magician's doves were his only friends. During the voyage, he had hidden them in his hat so that no one would eat them. One early morning, as the warm, pink rays of the sun were just appearing, the boat sailed into New York Harbor. The magician was overcome by the magnificent sight of Lady Liberty standing with her torch. He stood on the deck of the boat and released all his doves into the rose-colored sky. "A new life for all of us . . ." he whispered to himself as tears filled his eyes. All the people on board the little boat cheered and cried and waved their hands. And one of the doves, Bijou's great-great-great-grandmother, circled the harbor and came to rest on the Statue of Liberty. Her family had lived there ever since. Yes, Bijou thought, as she lifted herself and settled again softly on the eggs beneath her, there is something quite magic about the statue.



But suddenly Burt disturbed her daydreaming. With a great flutter, he returned to the nest. There was fear in his eyes. "Look, Bijou!" he said, flapping his wings nervously. "Men are coming with yellow hats and hammers and machines! And they're climbing on the statue!"

"Someone will stop them," answered Bijou sharply. But no one did. All day long the fierce sounds of pounding, whirring, and shouting drummed on. And each day, the angry noise got louder.

Within a week, Bijou and Burt were



busy feeding the two hungry babies that had hatched in their nest. As they sailed down to the sidewalk below to gather bits of food, they passed the noisy tangle of metal pipes that was now creeping up the sides of the statue. "They're putting Lady Liberty in a cage!" Bijou called to Burt over the sound of the hammering.

Already the sea gulls and the sparrows had been driven from their homes. But Burt and Bijou could not leave. Their young hatchlings were too young to fly and too big to move. Even the old man with whiskers and crooked teeth and wonderful stories had stopped coming to visit Burt and Bijou. And the ugly clammer of the scaffolding grew nearer and nearer with each day.

Burt and Bijou were nervous leaving the growing babies alone, but feeding them required constant work. It was late after-

"They're putting Lady Liberty in a cage!" Bijou called to Burt over the sound of the hammering.

noon, and Burt was away busily gathering food. Bijou was returning to the nest for her last trip of the day, full of peanuts and sunflower seeds that a tour group of talkative women in bright pantsuits had scattered for the birds. As she flew upwards, she saw that the maze of scaffolding had crept over the shoulders of Liberty. "My babies!" she cried.

Bijou swooped up beside the great head of the statue just in time to see a man reaching over to her nest in the curl. "Hey! Here they are!" he said, as he scooped her two peeping babies out of the nest with his yellow hat. Bijou rushed headlong at the man, flapping her wings wildly, but he disappeared into the dark scaffolding before she could reach him.

Bijou frantically circled the statue, now almost covered by the cage of pipes. But it



was no use. Her children were nowhere to be seen and the workmen were leaving for the day. At last she returned to the empty nest, blinking and wondering what she could do.

When Burt returned home, she told him what had happened. The light was fading now, and they both knew that their babies would never survive a night out of the nest. Bijou and Burt looked at each other and then out across the water toward the glittering buildings of the city. Never before had the harbor seemed so cold and lonely.

"I have an idea," Burt said to Bijou, and off he flew. He soared outward and around and swooped into the deep folds of Liberty's sleeve where the dark-eyed owl lived. "We need your help," Burt said, mustering all his courage. "You can peer into the dark shadows as we cannot. You can

find my children." The old owl ruffled his feathers, lumbered a few slow steps toward Burt, and then dived into the darkness without a sound.



Burt and Bijou waited what seemed like hours. Suddenly, without so much as a rustle of a feather, the dark-eyed owl landed beside them. He stared at them with his great, deep eyes. He blinked, turned, and then sailed off silently into the night.

Without a pause, Burt and Bijou were off, gliding downward, following the great arc the owl cut into the night sky. The old owl settled on top of the concession stand. Bijou and Burt touched down beside him. The owl turned his head slowly like a lighthouse beacon and blinked his huge, round eyes toward the shadows behind the stand. "There!" said Bijou, almost in a whisper. "Our babies!" said Burt.

There were the babies, warm and safe, nestled gently in the yellow workman's cap, with a plate of milk and bread crumbs beside them. Bijou and Burt turned to thank the old owl, but he had disappeared into the night.

Just after dawn the next morning, Burt and Bijou heard a shuffle of footsteps. Peeking out at them from the side of the concession stand was the whiskered old man with crooked teeth. He smiled and looked down at Burt and Bijou and the two babies inside the yellow hat. "Oh, good!" he said with a wheezy laugh. "I see you found your children. I told the workers they'd have to take care of my friends." He leaned toward them. "And don't you worry none. They're just fixing up Miss Liberty. You'll be back home in no time." He smiled his crooked little smile and scattered a handful of french fries on the ground beside them.

Burt and Bijou looked at each other, and then looked up at the beautiful statue being cleaned and strengthened by the workers in their yellow caps. Yes, Bijou thought to herself, truly there is something magic about the statue. □

Burt and Bijou were off, gliding downward, following the great arc the owl cut into the night sky.

THE LIBERTY FILE

★★★★ A COLOSSAL COMPENDIUM OF CENTENNIAL GAMES, PUZZLES AND FUN! ★★★★★

Throw a Statue Party

EVERYONE KNOWS that birthdays call for parties. So why not celebrate the Lady's 100th year with a genuine do-it-yourself, super-duper Statue of Liberty Birthday Bash! This party can provide a theme for your own 1986 birthday. Or you can hold it on the 4th of July, when the whole country celebrates Liberty, or even on the statue's real 100th birthday, October 28. Ask a parent to help. Here are some ideas to get you started:

INVITATIONS

Draw or cut out pictures of the statue from magazines and postcards. Paste them to green construction paper and make your own invitations for your friends to the best birthday party ever! You can also design invitations that look like boat tickets to America. Invite your guests to immigrate to your house for some Liberty fun!

You may want to ask your guests to dress up like the statue, using sheets for her robes, and flashlights for her torch. Or, just ask your guests to wear green in her honor.

DECORATIONS

Green paper chains (modeled after the copper ones near Liberty's feet) and green balloons make great decorations. Add French and American flags.

For the centerpiece on your ta-



ble, you can make a miniature New York Harbor scene. Use a mirror for the water. Make an island from clay, add grass, and put a statue on top. Place small boats and ferries around the island. Put a cloth over the statue and have an unveiling ceremony!

To add color to the table, cover it with large sheets of white paper and put lots of crayons in cups for your friends. Ask them to invent their own statues and draw them on the table.

PARTY FAVOR

Your guests will love having their own statue crowns! Using stiff, green paper or cardboard:

1. Cut out a shape like this.



Make sure the center hole is big enough to fit snugly over the back of your head, like a visor.

2. Pull the hat on and flip the spikes so that they stand up.

FOOD

It's appropriate to serve French and American food at your party. Here are some ideas:

- Hamburgers with American cheese and French fries
- Peanut butter on French bread
- Franco-furters (hot dogs served in croissants)
- A big salad with French dressing

And for dessert (a French word!) some tasty possibilities are:

- **Red, White, and Blue Fruit:** In a big bowl, combine cherries, strawberries, bananas, apples, and blueberries. Serve in small dishes with shredded coconut on top.

(continued)

DANIEL PELAVIN

RICK BROWN

RICK BROWN

1-a, 2-a, 3-c, 4-c, 5-c, 6-b, 7-b, 8-a,
9-b, 10-a, 11-c, 12-b, 13-c, 14-a

1-a, 2-a, 3-c, 4-c, 5-c, 6-b, 7-b, 8-a,
9-b, 10-a, 11-c, 12-b, 13-c, 14-a



Summertime, and the livin' *can't* be easy for the Lady. Who ever heard of a statue getting a vacation? Just in case she gets one after 100 years of service, we've given her everything she needs for fun in the sun.

■ **Notre Dome:** Scoop mint ice cream into a dome-shaped mound. Arrange seven ice cream cones upside down on top so they look like the rays of the statue's crown. Make a face using mint jellies.

Though the statue is 100 years old, she's more popular than ever. Traditional games become more popular, too, when you add a Liberty twist!

■ **Liberty Lingo:** Give your guests paper, a pencil, and ten minutes to figure out how many words they can form from the letters in "STATUE OF LIBERTY." The person with the

THE STATUE IS MADE of copper. When copper is exposed to pollution in the air, it develops a *patina*, a bluish-green coating. The patina doesn't hurt the copper, but protects it. The statue was a copper color in 1886, and her patina developed over a 25-year period. You can do an experiment to see how this happens:

Place a folded paper towel on a small plate. Pour a little vinegar on the towel. Then put a bottle cap on the towel, and a blob of clay on top of the cap. Wedge a penny into the clay so that it's standing on its rim. Cover



The vinegar “pollutes” the air in the glass. In just a few hours, the penny will start to turn green. After a day, it will be the same color as the Statue of Liberty!

... she weighs 450,000 pounds. That's as much as one blue whale, six elephants, two hippos, four rhinos, three crocodiles, eleven cows, three pigs, and thirty cats!



Make a Time Capsule

SOMETHING'S BURIED UNDER the Statue of Liberty. On August 5, 1884, a time capsule housed in a copper box was buried inside a six-ton block of granite in the base of the statue's pedestal. It's filled with coins and cards and other objects that tell a little bit about what life was like when the statue was new.

People create time capsules to capture a period of history for future generations. At the 1939 World's Fair, a 50-foot metal time capsule was filled with all kinds of common objects, then buried in tar and concrete where it's supposed to remain for



A time capsule is placed beneath the cornerstone of the statue's pedestal during this rainy ceremony in 1884.

5,000 years. And, more recently, the Voyager space probe was sent out into the galaxy carrying a time capsule filled with words, music, and pictures about what life is like here on Earth.

YOUR OWN TIME CAPSULE

It's simple to make your own time capsule. First you must find a good container. A shoebox always makes a good time capsule, because it's large enough for many objects and small enough to store in some out of the way place.

Just fill your container with everyday objects that tell about your life. Then you have to find a place to put your time capsule where it can remain untouched for a long time.

WHAT CAN YOU PUT IN IT?

This can be a tough decision. Remember that you want to choose things that will show what your life is like today. Here are some suggestions:

- A current newspaper.
- Pictures of your family and friends, and a favorite picture of yourself.
- A note telling exactly what you did today.
- A list of your favorite things: foods, books, movies, TV shows, and songs.
- Did you get an A+ on a test? Include some recent schoolwork; it'll make you look like a genius when the time capsule is opened.
- A few words telling what you'd like to do when you grow up.
- Your height and weight.
- A piece of paper with a tracing of your hand on it. Later on you'll see how much you've grown.
- Ticket stubs and a program from a favorite event.

The list is endless! Use your imagination and you'll come up with dozens more.

Once your time capsule is filled, seal it tight. This will stop you from opening it too early. Then find a good place to hide it.

WHEN CAN YOU OPEN IT?

You don't have to wait 5,000 years to open your time capsule. It can be fun to look inside after a year or two. After you open it, re-seal it and hide it away again. Then maybe someday your children or your children's children will find your time capsule and learn what it was like to be you.

—Jim Lewis



Answers to the Crossword on pg. 47.

ACROSS: 3. inch, 5. Oh, 8. Liberty, 11. one, 12. sit, 14. A.E., 15. U.S., 17. Isere, 18. Lee, 20. peas, 22. America.
DOWN: 1. Bartholdi, 2. torch, 4. no, 6. Ellis, 7. men, 9. boat, 10. repoussé, 13. ice, 16. Bedloe, 17. iron, 19. mom, 21. sea.



Lady, it's cold outside! But neither snow, nor sleet, nor chill of night can keep this statue from her appointed rounds. So we've given her a fur, hot cocoa, and all she needs to hit the slopes.

SUSAN FAOLA

KEITH BENDIS

USA TRIVIA QUIZ

1. At which meal was the first Thanksgiving feast served?

- a. breakfast
- b. dinner
- c. midnight snack



2. The first telegraph message ever received was in Baltimore. It was:

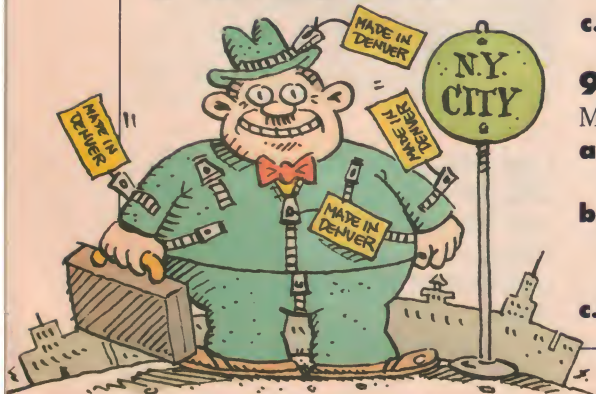
- a. "What hath God wrought?"
- b. "Happy Birthday Stop Love Aunt Betty Stop"
- c. "You're a nut, Watson!"

3. What, despite its huge crack, is still a symbol of American Freedom?

- a. California
- b. the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C.
- c. the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

4. What are made in Denver and used all over the United States?

- a. zippers
- b. "I'd Rather be Skiing" bumper stickers
- c. coins from the U.S. Mint



5. What important event took place in Concord, Massachusetts?

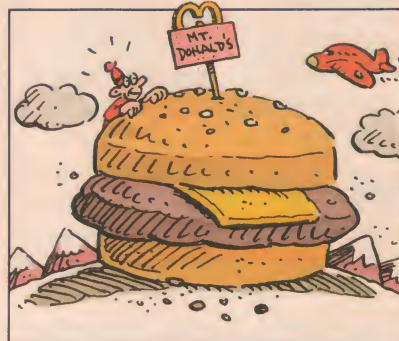
- a. The first grape was peeled.
- b. The tollbooth was invented in 1891.
- c. The "shot heard round the world" was fired, starting the Revolutionary War.

6. You can stand in four states at once in only one spot in the United States. Which states are they?

- a. California, New Mexico, Hawaii, New Jersey
- b. Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, Colorado
- c. Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Idaho

7. America's only national landmark on wheels is

- a. Kitt from *Knight Rider*.
- b. San Francisco's cable cars.
- c. the first space shuttle.

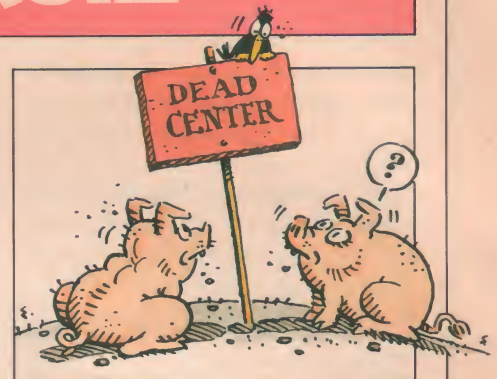


8. What and where is the tallest National Monument?

- a. the Gateway Arch, St. Louis, Missouri
- b. the Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco, California
- c. the Golden Arches, McDonald's

9. Whose four faces are carved on Mt. Rushmore?

- a. Paul Revere, Betsy Ross, John Quincy Adams, Aaron Burr
- b. Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Theodore Roosevelt
- c. Alvin, Theodore, Simon, and Dave



10. Where is the exact center of the continental U.S.?

- a. just outside Lebanon, Kansas
- b. a spot just inside Oconomowoc, Wisconsin
- c. a spot in the middle of the pigpen of Miss Ida Dribble's farm in Dudley, Iowa

11. America's first city was

- a. Kennebunkport, Maine.
- b. Walla Walla, Washington.
- c. St. Augustine, Florida.

12. What can you buy every day in Washington, D.C., by an order of Congress?

- a. copies of the U.S. Constitution
- b. bean soup, in the Capitol's restaurant
- c. silver dollars

13. The Grand Canyon in Arizona was carved over seven million years ago by

- a. the Pacific Ocean.
- b. Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi.
- c. the Colorado River.

14. What was happening in the world about the time the first sequoia tree was sprouting?

- a. The Greeks were building a hollow horse to give to their good friends, the Trojans.
- b. Christopher Columbus had just sighted what he *thought* was India.
- c. The first game of bowling was being played at Coney Island.

(Answers on the top of page 44.)

COLOSSAL CROSSWORD

THIS CROSSWORD PUZZLE is for Statue of Liberty fans only! The answers can be found throughout the magazine.

ACROSS

3. The Statue of Liberty is exactly 151 feet, 1 _____ tall.
5. "____ say, can you see . . ." begins our National Anthem.
8. The current name of the island where the statue stands is _____.
11. In 1986 the statue will celebrate _____ hundred years.
12. The statue can never _____ down.
14. The initials of the man who built her framework are _____.
15. The abbreviation of the name of the country who paid for her pedestal is _____.
17. The ship which carried Liberty from France was named the _____.
18. Mr. _____ Iacocca heads the foundation to restore the statue.
20. Bartholdi thought everything in the U.S. was big, even the _____.
22. The statue was a gift from the people of France to the people of _____.

DOWN

1. The sculptor's last name was _____.
2. The first part of the statue that was finished was the _____.
4. Did any of the money for the statue come from the governments of either country? _____.
6. The name of the island immigrants had to pass through was _____.
7. Only _____ were allowed to attend the celebration on the island in 1886.
9. You have to ride a _____ to get to the statue.
10. The name of the method used to mold copper from the inside out is _____.
13. Before the reconstruction, temperatures inside the statue could be as hot as an oven or cold as _____.
16. In 1886, Liberty Island was called _____'s Island.
17. The metal of the statue's "skeleton" and "ribs" is _____.
19. Liberty's face was modeled after the sculptor's _____.
21. The spikes in the crown are supposed to shine on every continent and _____.



HOW BIG IS SHE?

Liberty's pedestal is 89 feet tall—as tall as a nine-story building. The statue is 151 feet and 1 inch tall—about the height of 3 Tyrannosaurus Rexes standing on top of each other's shoulders with a butterfly on top.



Her foot is 19 feet, 5 inches long—about the size of a Ford station wagon.

Her head from ear to ear is 10 feet—the length of 2 bathtubs.



The hand that holds her torch is 16 feet, 5 inches—the height of an average giraffe.

Her waist is 35 feet across—the size of a schoolbus.



Each of her curls is 7 feet long—as long as a living room couch.

Her mouth is 3 feet across—the length of a tricycle.



Her ear, from top to bottom, is 2½ feet—the height of a chair.



Her tablet is 13 feet, 7 inches wide—the same width as two grand pianos.

A person could fit inside her pinky. She's really big!



*YOUR MOST PRECIOUS FREEDOM
IS THE FREEDOM TO DREAM.*

Run, jump, turn cartwheels, skip a rope,
fly a kite.

It's wonderful to feel free. And the freedom to dream is just as wonderful.

Let your mind leap up. Let the wings of your imagination carry you as high and as far as they can. But also, quietly, build a dream in your heart.

Some dreams we have alone. But there are other, greater dreams that we share with the whole world.

The dream of freedom is one of those great dreams.



Mattel Shares the Dream

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